

TAP 115'27

VOL. VIII

Registered U. S. Patent Office
APRIL, 1927

No. 3



Columbian *Tape-Marked* Rope is preferred by fishermen who have used this Guaranteed Rope for years, as they realize that they are obtaining maximum value.

Features specially heralded as something new, such as waterproofing and flexibility are found in all

Columbian *Tape-Marked* Rope Pure Manila "The Guaranteed Rope"

The added protection of the Columbian Guarantee which is found on the red, white and blue *Tape-Marker*, is a feature which no other rope includes. This Guarantee alone gives Columbian the preference in a majority of cases. The added knowledge that Columbian is always up-to-date, together with its own distinctive and exclusive characteristics assures preference for the *Tape-Marked* Rope.

If your dealer can not supply you with the Columbian brand, write direct to us.



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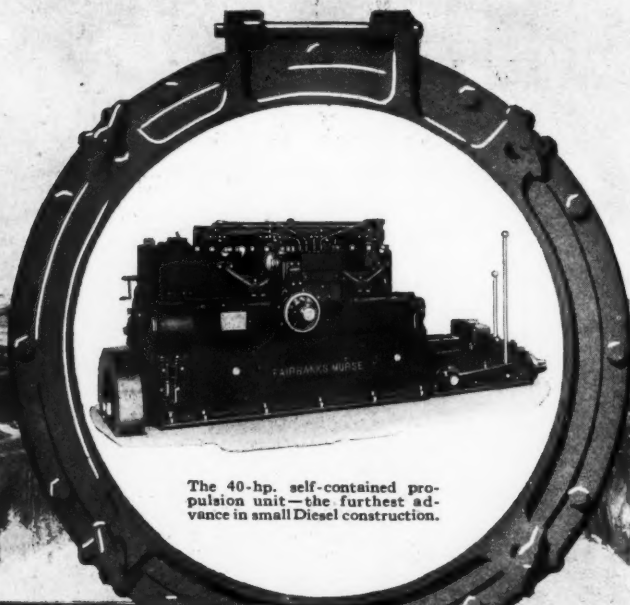
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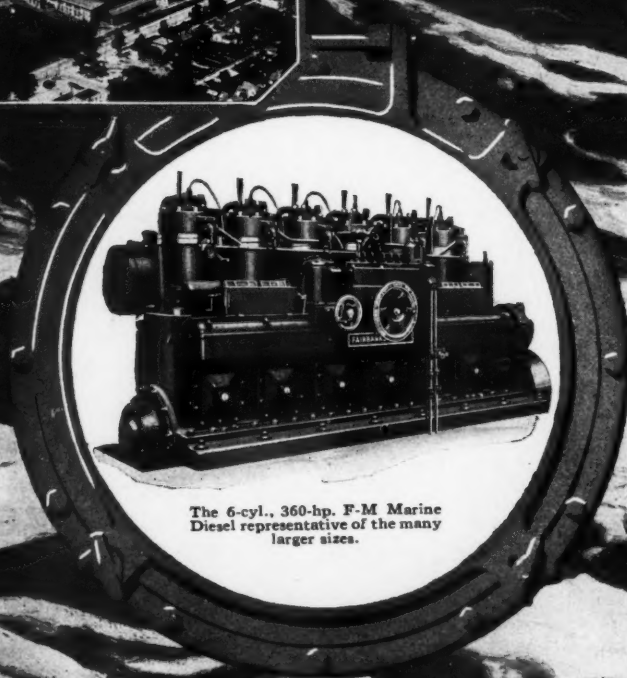
Boston Office and Warehouse - 38 Commercial Wharf



The 40-hp. self-contained propulsion unit—the furthest advance in small Diesel construction.



This great F-M plant at Beloit, Wis., produced half the Diesels built in 1926.



The 6-cyl., 360-hp. F-M Marine Diesel representative of the many larger sizes.

Why your dollars buy more quality in Fairbanks-Morse Diesels

We believe that you will find, if you investigate carefully, that no other Diesel reveals quite the fineness of workmanship, excellence of design and quality of material that is found in the Fairbanks-Morse. From the standpoint of quality this Diesel should be, and could be, the most expensive on the market today. Yet it is actually *moderately priced*—Why?

In the first place, Fairbanks-Morse simplicity means fewer parts, better built. Still more important, the merit of this simpler construction has brought about an enormous demand for F-M Diesels that has resulted in large-scale manufacturing, with finer facilities for doing everything better!

More than half of the Diesels produced in America last year were manufactured in the great Fairbanks-Morse factory illustrated opposite. The sale of F-M Diesels for marine service was thirty per cent greater last year than it was the year before.

Out of this great volume of manufacturing has come greater and greater knowledge of how an engine should be built and finer facilities for putting every quality ideal into practice.

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[[Fairbanks-Morse Diesels are now made in sizes from 20 to 720 hp.]
—a size for every requirement; one Fairbanks-Morse quality.]]

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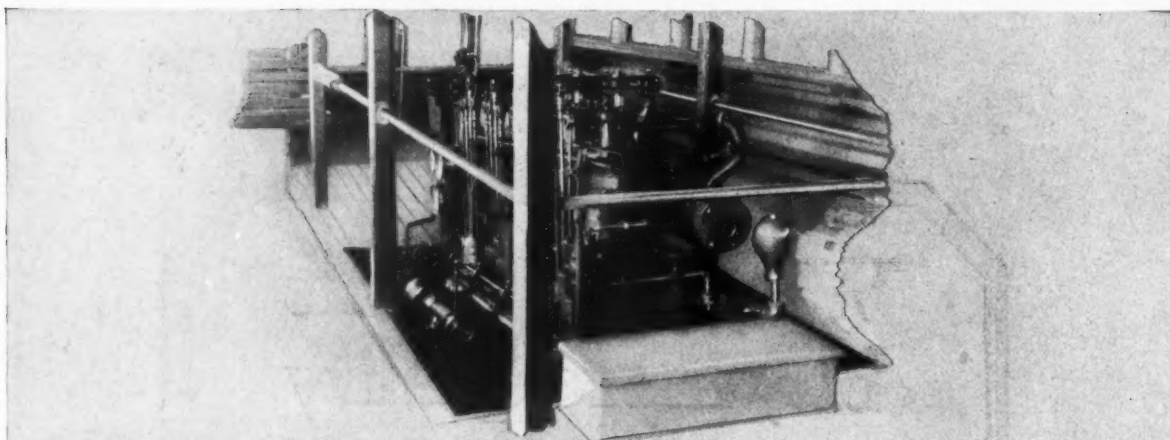
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The Product



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Trip After Trip Without a Falter

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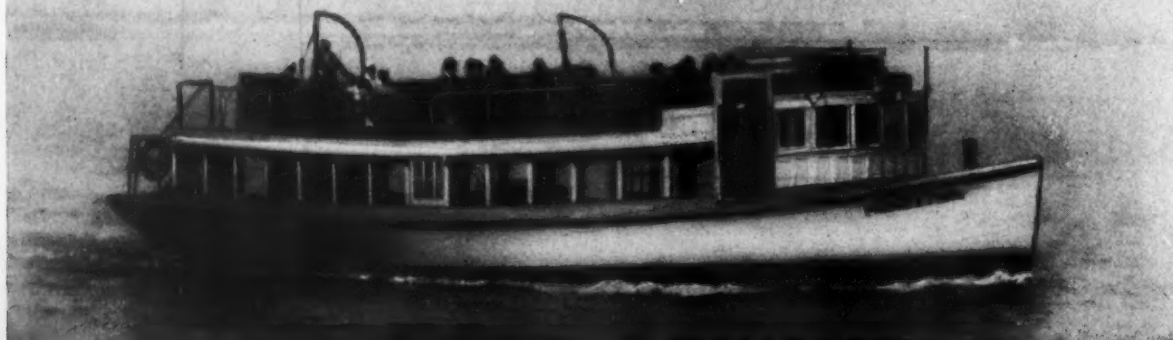
Bessemer Diesel Engines have consistently stood the acid test of gruelling ferry boat service. They have demonstrated on this steady-run work that they can be relied upon to deliver their full rated power day in, day out; that they respond instantly to the throttle; that they are always on the job; that their fuel and maintenance costs are remarkably low, and that where trip after trip *must* be made on schedule, a Bessemer will do it unfalteringly.

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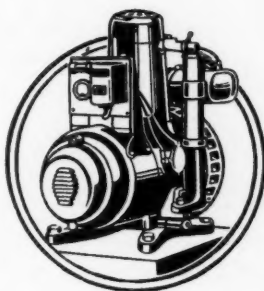
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BESSEMER

DIESEL  ENGINES



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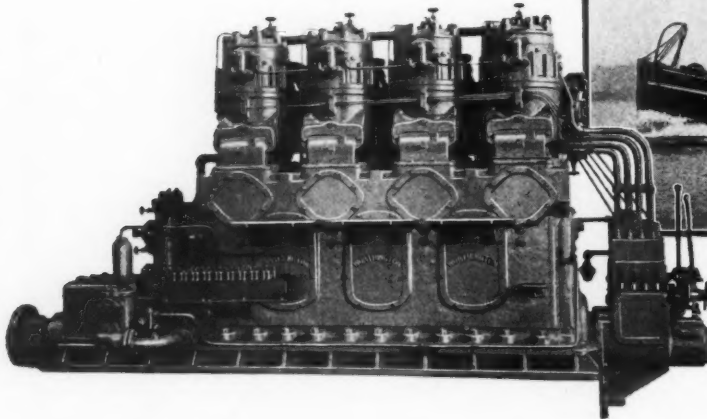
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Conversion to Diesel Drive *places tug on paying basis*

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With a tow of 12 sections of fir logs scaling 450,000 board feet she has made the trip from Union Bay, B. C. to Everett, Washington, in 74 hours. This beats the usual time of larger tugs with the same tow by almost a day—to be exact by 22 hours.

Going at full speed ahead—about nine knots per hour—the tug can be reversed to slack water astern in 22 seconds.

Only slight structural changes are required when converting an old tug to Diesel-engine drive. Ask for further information on the advantages of Diesel-engine drive.

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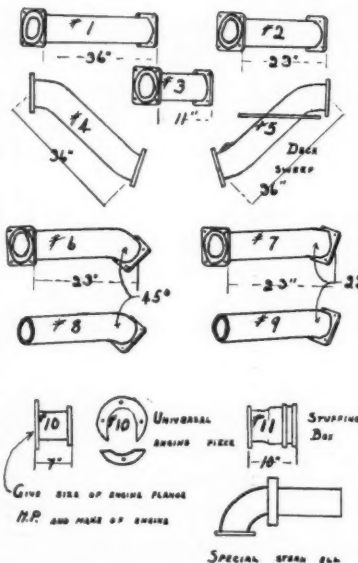
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Successfully cures the troubles of low pressure diesel exhaust.
Condensers are used on steam engines; why not on diesels?

A good shipmate for
HATHAWAY CAST IRON EXHAUST PIPE
The original standardized, interchangeable pipe.

This pipe is made especially for oil engine installations, and is manufactured in standardized lengths and shapes so that it fits everywhere regardless of the position of the engine or size of the vessel.

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There are no threaded joints—gasketed flanges are used throughout. Anyone can install it.

Sectional cast exhaust pipe was originated by the Hathaway Machinery Co. in 1923, and it has been adopted by the majority of Atlantic Coast vessels. It has replaced steel, iron, bronze, copper and rubber. The first installations are still in service.

Dimensions given are for the 6 in. size.

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Manufacturers of all power-fishing machinery



*Old-time whalers,
'generations ago
found*

NEW BEDFORD BRAND ROPE

the most dependable.



*Today, fishermen find it
of the same high-quality
—surpassed by none.*

*Modern Lobstermen,
particularly, place confi-
dence in the new*

NEBCO BRAIDED MANILA POT WARP

*to last longer than any
other lobster gear*



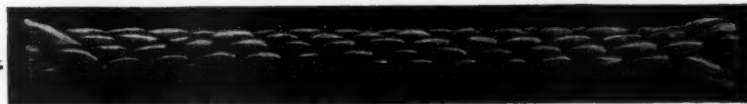
NEW BEDFORD CORDAGE CO.

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120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Established 1842

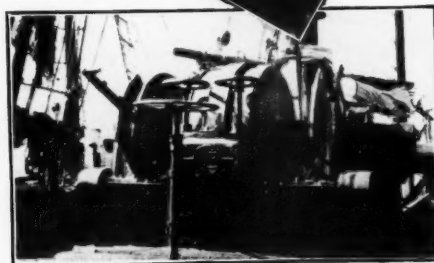
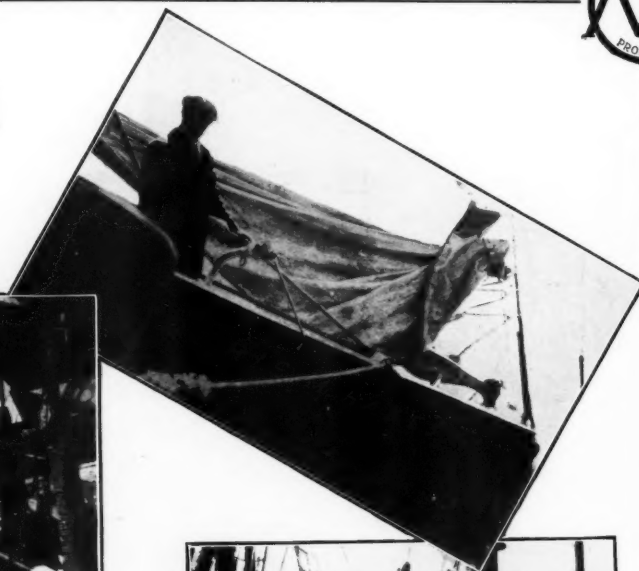
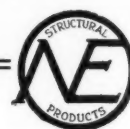
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MILLS—New Bedford, Mass.



Another-

"New England" fitted Trawler!



Sch. "Doris M. Hawes"

Captain Aubrey Hawes

THIS latest addition to the list of vessels carrying "New England" gear is 80 ft. overall, 18 ft. beam, 8 ft. 6 inches in depth; 61 tons gross and 41 tons net, and is powered by a 120 H. P. cold start Fairbanks Morse C-O engine.

The "Hawes" carries, of course, an "N-E", all steel winch, Model B, driven by a No. 186 Kinney clutch. The steel drums have capacity for 300 fathom $5/8$ in. wire. The 4 in. pinion shaft has a solid center bearing. Her winch presents a trim appearance and in spite of its large capacity and strong construction takes up little deck space.

The general view of the deck shows also how little space is taken up by bollards and fairleads. The "Hawes" fishes from one side and her gallows are fitted with patent rocking bases. Her rollers are 5 in. wide and made of specially hardened steel. Capt. Hawes is taking out the patent "Nesco" steel doors seven foot size and will tow a G-2 net 116 foot rope and 80 ft. head line. He expects to take on the new V-D gear early in May. The steel doors are adapted to either otter trawl or V-D nets as are all other fittings on the boat.

We have a complete stock of all gear and can take care of your requirements on short notice, either for parts or a complete outfit. We guarantee our equipment to be a real investment and not a constant source of expense. We do not ask you to experiment. Accept the results of practical experience and safe and sound construction.

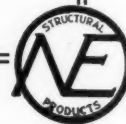
*Inquiries may be addressed to the Company or to
John Chisholm Fisheries Co., Gloucester, Mass.*

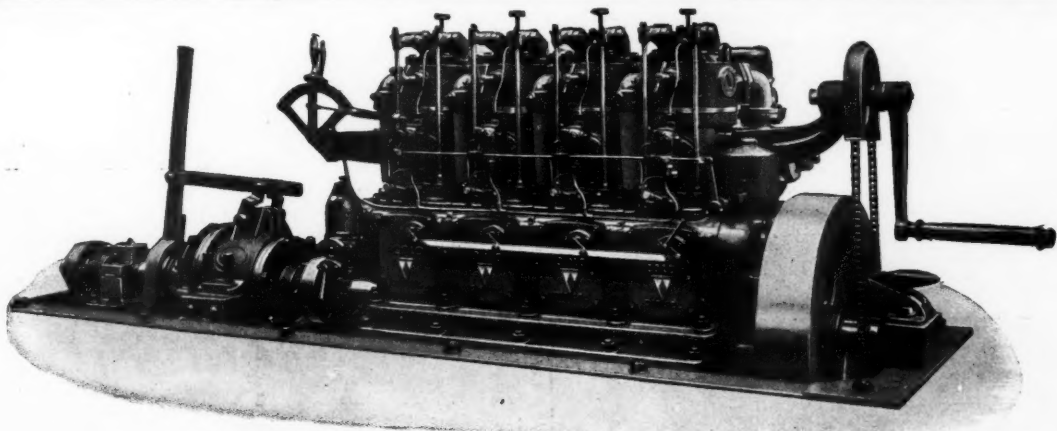
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Grommets in bottom for drainage. Galvanized steel frame of the Lane Flexible design which prevents bending or breaking. Heavy Lane woven duck. Tough leather binding.

Bait size 1 Bushel.

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FIG. 71

Lane Canvas Trawl Tub

Made in standard dimensions.

Galvanized Steel Frame specially designed for the job. Steady on its feet and strong. Its first cost soon forgotten in the light of its long life.

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Manufacturers

Poughkeepsie

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Hot Shots**
*mean quick starting . . .
and sure ignition
at low speeds*



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Dry Batteries**
-they last longer

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VERSUS
ORDINARY

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The fact that WATERFLEX is thoroughly water-resisting, permanently lubricated, easy to handle and splice—*wet or dry*, uniformly flexible under all conditions, and yet costs no more, puts it in a unique and distinctive class.

Through actual performance, discriminating rope buyers have become absolutely convinced that WATERFLEX is unquestionably

The Utmost in Rope Value

WHITLOCK CORDAGE CO.

46 South Street, New York
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To Tighten Garboards



Dip cotton wicking in Jeffery's No. 7 or Liquid Marine Glue and drive well into the seam as shown in the sketch above. Keep wicking which has been dipped in the glue, in soft condition while forcing into the seam. A little heat will accomplish this. This keeps it in just the right state so that it cements itself tightly to both sides.

DO IT RIGHT and it will not have to be done again because the glue will not let go, and being elastic, it will give and take with the seam.

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156 Kneeland St., Boston, Mass.

Not A "Trade Paper"

The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is a paper for fishermen—producers—the men who actually fish for a living. It does not purpose to cover the fish trades; nor does it wish to be looked upon as a "trade paper." Rather do we like to think of it as a home paper for fishermen.

Our first care is that its pages be readable, for we believe that matters of human interest and practical vocational help are more to be desired by our readers than stereotyped "trade notes" and dry-as-dust statistical matter.

We want it to be regarded as a steady and reliable source of information, profit and entertainment by that vast army of 150,000 workfolk which constitutes our field.

Atlantic Fisherman

A "FARM" JOURNAL FOR THE
HARVESTERS OF THE SEA

Vol. VIII. APRIL, 1927 No. 3

LEW A. CUMMINGS.....President
FRANK H. WOOD.....Managing Editor

Published Monthly at
92 West Central Street, Manchester, N. H.

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We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are trustworthy. As proof of our faith, we offer to make good to actual subscribers any loss sustained by trusting advertisers who prove to be deliberate swindlers.

However, we are not responsible for claims against individuals or firms adjudicated bankrupt, or where estates are in receivers hands, or against whom bankruptcy or receivership proceedings are pending.

Nor shall we attempt to adjust trifling disputes between subscribers and honorable business men. This offer holds good for one month after the transaction causing the complaint.

To take advantage of this guarantee subscribers must always state in writing to or talking with any of our advertisers: "I saw your advertisement in ATLANTIC FISHERMAN."

An Experimental Fisherman

SPEAKING of government appropriations for fishery investigation (February's editorial), one of the greatest fish-killers the industry has ever known was recently heard to say that there is only one thing in the world which could willfully make him give up fishing. That one thing is his life's ambition, and a worthy ambition it is, for the will to serve his calling is the motive behind it.

It is a trait of this man's race to explore unknown parts of the earth. His ambition is to explore Grand Bank and other parts of the ocean's bed where he believes new fishing grounds may be found. In the years that he has been master he has taken more halibut from the sea than any other skipper on the Atlantic, and he wants, in effect at least, to put some back. In other words, to find new sources from whence they may be taken.

His theory, and it is not a new one nor one which is unsupported, is that the supply of fish in the sea is practically inexhaustible. Fish are subject to depletion only in certain over-fished areas, and he believes that grounds now unknown can be located which with those worked at present will give an unlimited supply of the off-shore species.

Some scientists and shore theorists will contradict this idea, but for our part we'll go along with the men who can go out and get 'em. The successful fisherman has studied fish and their habits, and he knows *why* they may be found in particular places. It is all a question of good feed and pleasant spawning places, and where is the man ashore who knows enough about the bottoms to say there are or there aren't fish there?

It is impossible for a fisherman to explore and try out new grounds. Even though a skipper may be sufficiently well-fixed financially to gamble on a season's work, if he's halibutting or in another branch fitted to go off to the eastward he has twenty odd men, most of them with families, who look to him to make them a living. The only practical way to conduct such work is for the government

to give a real fishing captain a completely fitted vessel with experienced dorymen, and send him out to take soundings and examine bottoms. Then when he strikes spots which look favorable to him let him go to fishing just as though he was on a regular trip.

Let him spend a season on the southeasterly edge of Grand Bank, a year on the ridges between Greenland and Iceland,

off Flemish Gap and in other spots which skippers have wanted to try. This bugaboo of depletion will be exploded.

The expense would be for the vessel, the outfit, and wages for the crew. Give them as a bonus, the proceeds from the fish they bring back. The first year's cost would run close to \$100,000 but after the vessel was bought half of that amount ought to do. There is no reason why the fisheries should not receive appropriations from the government for investigation and experiment, except that we, collectively and individually, have not hollered loud enough. Farmers put up a ballyhoo about the price of pork and spuds, and an agricultural experimental station is established. The fisheries need equal assistance.

A vessel which was not obliged to make a living would not necessarily have to be restricted to exploration. In her work she would be an experimental fish-producer. The investigation of different size hooks conducted by the International Fisheries Commission on the Pacific last summer is an example.

Out there the percentage of small chickens landed had become unduly large. It was thought that this was because gear was being rigged with small hooks, but when the Commission's vessel rigged strings with alternate skates of large and small hooks, it was found by measuring every fish taken that the size hook had little or no bearing on the size fish. It was learned, however, that the smaller hooks caught nearly 60% more fish. Thus, knowledge that might have been expensive in time and money was gained quickly by having available the proper means for experimentation.

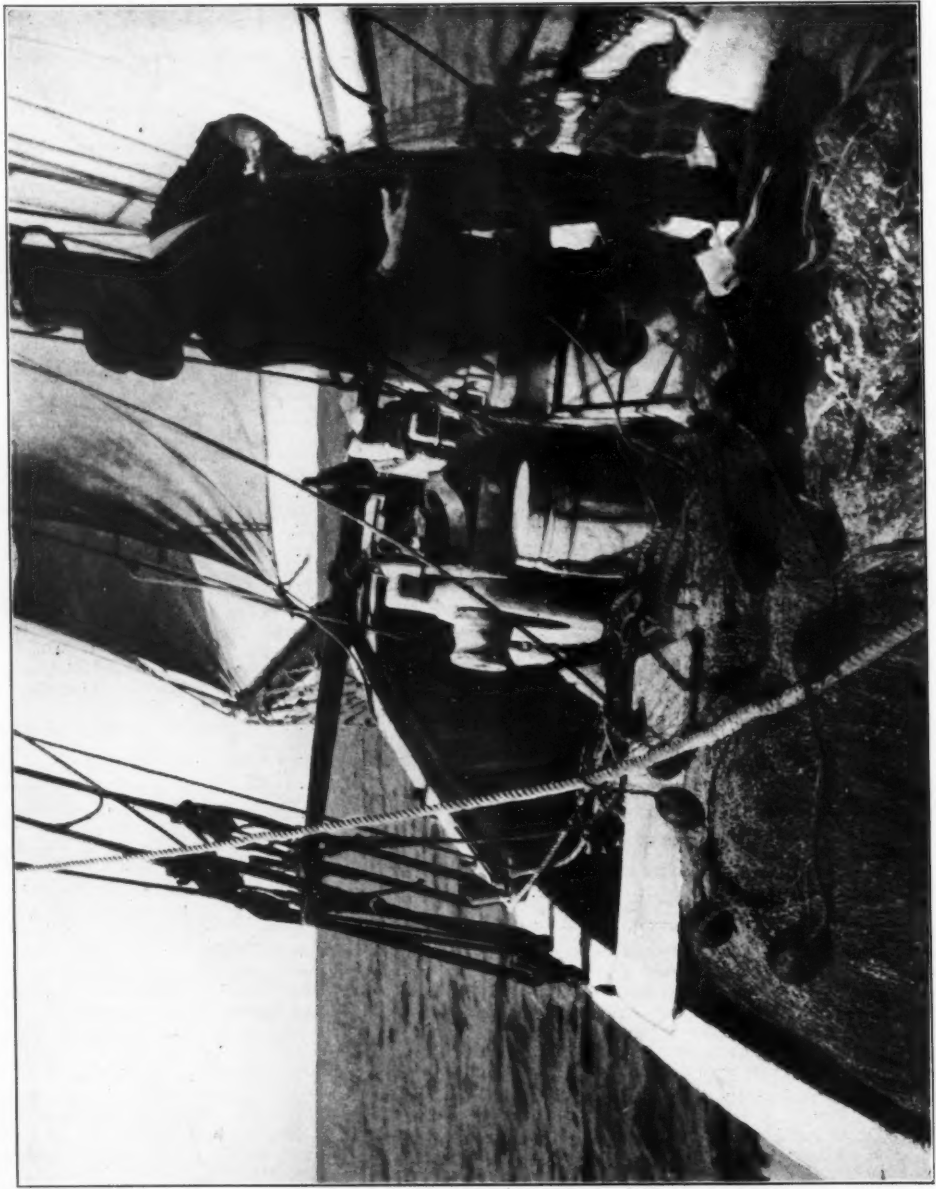
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Bound to the S'th'rd



Photo by
Albert Cook Church



ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

"The Fisherman's Magazine"

The Only Publication Devoted Exclusively to the
Fishing Interests of the Atlantic Seaboard

Vol. VIII.

APRIL, 1927

No. 3

The Case of Corea Harbor

By the Fisherman's Doctor

STATE Fish Warden, Ernest V. Woodward, in behalf of the Fishermen of Corea has called upon the Fisherman's Doctor to advise and prescribe for them and their Harbor.

Physical examination and clinical findings shows the case to be serious and urgent and amenable to treatment if proper care and procedure can be effected and the necessary medicine be secured promptly. Aid and assistance of relatives, neighbors and friends is solicited, so the case is presented below.

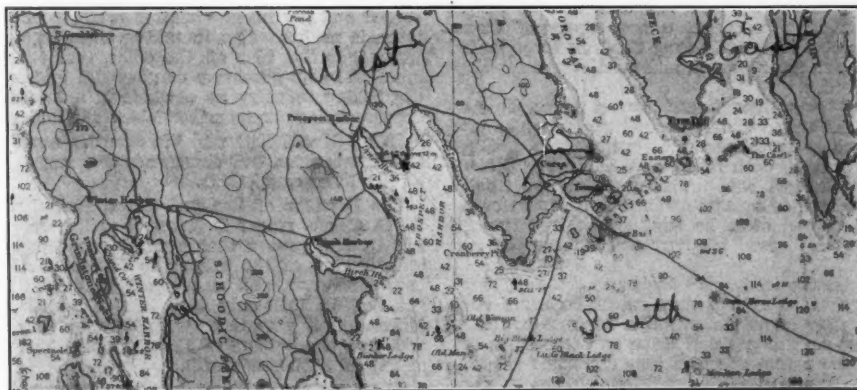
Symptoms—Valuable fishing boats damaged by stranding on mud flats and occasional rocks and ledges at low water, because of insufficient harbor-room and inadequate depth of water for mooring at low tide. Destruction of lobsters and other food products by frequent bore tides rushing into the little harbor and finding gear and products of fishermen's labor unprotected because of too little depth of water. Large losses of boats, gear and foodstuffs, and hard earned money. Production limited by inadequate harbor facilities which could be improved at limited cost.

done it, are doing it, and will do it in greater numbers, it is a crime to keep them from doing it, if better harbor and mooring facilities can be provided at reasonable outlay.

Nearly every year there is a loss of \$2,000 or more in the loss or destruction of lobsters from storage cars grounded out and damaged, or damaged by bore tides. Then, too, in winter, often lobsters freeze during low water, if there is not sufficient depth of water over the containers. Some years this loss has, too, amounted to \$2,000 or more.

Local stores cannot get their goods brought into Corea by water transportation because vessels will not enter the harbor because there is not sufficient depth of water for them to get to the docks, except on a spring tide, and that doesn't mean a tide in the Spring either. Consequently goods from wholesale supply houses have to be brought to Prospect Harbor and freighted by land around to Corea at a considerable extra cost for freight and hauling. As a result the hard-working, long suffering fishermen have to pay this extra cost on their living expenses.

The Standard Oil Company's boats cannot bring in gaso-



Corea Harbor

Physical Examination—Corea is part of the town of Gouldsboro situated twenty-five miles southeast of Ellsworth, on the shore stage line, on west side of entrance to Gouldsboro bay. Population in 1920, 1282. Corea is an important lobster fishing and general fishing village. Sometimes called Indian Harbor. Corea harbor is small, and has only a small area of water at low tide of sufficient depth for moorings for its fishing boats. Years ago it furnished a nice little harbor for few, and only a few fishing boats, but, let me tell you, Corea has been growing, and is growing, and for some time its harbor has not been sufficient for the number of boats. As a result, at low water, many of the boats are left stranded with more or less damage, and when, as too frequently happens, a bore tide comes ripping in from the eastward, it smashes up any boat, lobster car, or gear, not in deep water. Several new boats have been added to the fleet in different years, but as all available mooring space is now over-crowded further expansion will be impossible. If the fishermen can produce lobsters and other foods, and they have

line and oils, except on the top of the flood, and this often results in delay and keeping fishermen away from their business of producing food for the State, and necessarily it increases the expenses of the fishermen. In a period of twelve months great quantities of gasoline and oil are used at Corea.

In the summer, there are a great many summer visitors attracted to Corea and vicinity, and many have bought land and have erected cottages and naturally want to have their boats, but there is no chance for them because the harbor is full, and there are no mooring grounds available, and even if they keep their boats in some harbor, distant from their homes, they cannot land at Corea at low tide, and summer visitors and tourists are not equipped to wade through deep mud and eelgrass. When visiting yachts come, they are dismayed not to be able to enter the harbor, but are forced to go to Prospect Harbor for anchorage and shelter. All of these things limit and turn away the summer visitor business of which Maine is wont to boast, and keeps many thousands of dollars away from Corea, which otherwise would be

invested there, all for the want of keeping Corea harbor in fit condition.

Then, too, when the lobster smacks come to Corea to load a cargo of lobsters to take to Rockland or Portland, the smack must moor at bow and stern, and then stand risk of swinging a little bit out of the deep water with danger of heavy damage to smack and cargo. The smacks have to come to Corea continuously because the fishermen produce lobsters there in worthwhile quantities.

The fishermen themselves, besides the loss and damage to boats, gear and food products resulting from their labor, suffer much hardship. Rarely, if ever, do the tides serve properly to enable a fisherman or lobsterman to get in a day's work, but the fisherman must be up at the crack of dawn, and even before that, in the cold, dark days of winter, and coax and shove his motor boat afloat and with difficulty work out through the narrow channel and out of the harbor. Then put in a strenuous day following his line of traps around and amid the ledges, often contending buffeting seas, often obliged to souse hands and mittens in the salt water to keep them from freezing, hauling traps with long warps, frequently finding them rocked down and having to spend much time in the cold to clear them, the rope icing up as fast as it comes out into the air, then rebaiting and resetting the trap, throwing the shorts overboard to make future counts, measuring the ones apparently the legal size, and when lucky enough to get a count lobster plugging its big claws with near frozen fingers, and then keeping everlastingly at it till the last trap is hauled and tended.

Then in his rocking boat he takes a little mug up of cold grub out of a tin box, and as the short days settle down in darkness he runs back to harbor, and if tide is flood makes his precarious moorings, but if, as is most often the case, the tide does not serve well he has to carefully work his craft in to the moorings, and then tired with a hard day's work and half frozen, it seems as if his troubles had just commenced for he has to make his boat safe as possible, bail out the well, get his counts overside into his little punt and take them ashore wading in shallow water, mud and eelgrass, dragging and shoving the punt till he gets to the bank. Then taking time off, only enough to load his pipe afresh, he must get his lobsters to his car, secure a new supply of gasoline if by good luck the oil boat has been able to get in and refill the retailers' tanks, get a new supply of frozen bait, bait pockets, and laboriously drag this new cargo loaded into his punt, back to the moorings, and fixed everything ship-shape for another day.

When he finally gets through and arrives home, he gets a bite of supper and then has only about time enough to take a good nap before he must start the rounds again. Much of this hard toil can be done away with if the mudflats of Corea harbor are dredged out. That isn't all the trouble either; in winter with wide expanse of flats out at low water, ice quickly accumulates, and often he must saw a way through the ice to properly safeguard his boat and to carry on and get to shore.

Strange to relate, the inadequate harbor serves as a check to automobiles, too, residents and vacationists, both, are wont to step on the starter anywhere within a hundred and fifty miles, then to step on the gas and drive to Corea after sea foods for all well know that at Corea they can buy fresh lobsters, clams, all kinds of fresh fish and dried fish, too, cured as the Coreans know how to cure them, and always desirable in the homes to vary diet. Also some parties would take the pleasurable ride with it's wonderful changing scenery for the purpose of hiring one of Corea's skilled boatmen to take them out on the ocean to catch their own fish, always a delightful sport for young or old. But how sadly the difference between anticipation and the dreary facts turns out to be on account of Corea's inadequate harbor. When the auto parties have arrived in the beautiful region of Corea, the visitors cannot get the desired sea foods, cannot enjoy the fishing or boating, and the town cannot benefit by trading on account of the boats not being able to get up to the docks to dispose of their wares, or to embark parties. The unprepared landspeople cannot wade through mud and eelgrass. Thus are thousands of dollars turned away and lost each and every summer, and the fishermen are the main losers.

A rough and ready estimate of present fishery values at Corea harbor shows:—

45 motor lobster boats at valuation of at least	\$20,000.00
15 small boats and punts at valuation of at least	500.00
20 lobster storage cars, at valuation of at least	5,000.00
Trap gear at valuation of at least	12,000.00

(Continued on Page 19)

State Fishery Reports Issued

FOUR able reports on local fishery conditions and activities during the year 1926 have recently been issued by officials of Massachusetts, Maine, Connecticut, and Maryland.

Arthur L. Millett, Massachusetts State Inspector of Fish, is slightly different in his relation to the industry than officials of other states, because his powers are confined to the inspection of fish for quality. However, as usual, his report includes somewhat of a summary of general conditions. His report shows the upward trend which is general throughout the industry. He states:—

"The inspector of fish has had under his ken, with his two deputies, during the past year, at least 250 million pounds of fish. This is an increase in the amount inspected last year and the pleasing note here is that, with the inspection line drawn as rigidly as is fitting with the 'good fish' standard, and practically the same number of inspections, by the same men, it was found necessary to condemn a less number of pounds of fish than during the previous year, the amount for 1925 being 283,500 pounds and for 1926 113,957 pounds. This indicates an increased effort on the part of the fishermen and the fish dealers both wholesale and retail, to live up to the standard set by law.

"In connection with the effort of many of the wholesale and retail dealers to cooperate with the work of this office, which they unhesitatingly do, as they find it to their advantage to do so, still there are others who possibly honestly desire to live up to the law but from lack of experience or knowledge of even how to conduct a fish market, 'fall down' on the job with the result that they find themselves haled into court. For this reason this office has prepared a pamphlet on, 'Hints to the Dealers' which it proposes to put out to all retail dealers upon application for the same.

"It has not been and it is not now the policy of this office to persecute; rather it is the idea to assist the dealer; to point out to him his mistakes; to condemn what bad fish he has on hand and to give him another chance. If, however, in the course of the work, flagrant cases are observed and persistent violators come to our attention, then there is no hesitation in taking them into court. In this way, it is the idea of the office that the public is safeguarded in its purchases of good fish and at the same time the fishing industry as a whole is not trodden under foot because a few irresponsibles chose the bad way."

In all Mr. Millett and his deputies made more than 20,000 inspections, had fourteen court cases from which he received ten convictions.

The Director of Sea and Shore Fisheries of Maine, Mr. H. D. Crie's, report is informal and more of an interview, but it, too, proves that general conditions are improving. "Extinction of the lobster in Maine is no longer a bugbear" he says, and as support he quotes figures pointing out that in 1918 only 1800 lobster licenses were issued in Maine. Last year there were between four and five thousand, and the holders of these permits took lobsters to the extent of \$5,000,000 worth.

"The spring catch of lobsters last year was the most plentiful in the last ten years, practically the whole length of the coast", says Director Crie. "One reason for this is that the lobsters did not shed their shells until late in the fall of 1925. It used to be a popular belief that the shedding season was governed by the temperature of the water, but my idea is that the lobster is just like a boy. When a boy outgrows his clothes he has to have a new suit, and when a lobster fills out his shell, he has to have a new and larger one."

"The normal shedding season is from July to September, but October and November were the chief months in 1926 and some lobsters are still shedding. When these crustaceans shed late they crawl into the mud and feed but little. They were very hungry when they came out last Spring and very thin shelled—many of them paper shelled, to use an expression which is familiar along the coast.

"The lobster fishermen received as high as 50c a pound for their catch in 1926, and there were a few remote cases where they were paid as high as 60c. The average price received by the fishermen for the entire year was about 30c and this is considered very satisfactory by them. It was

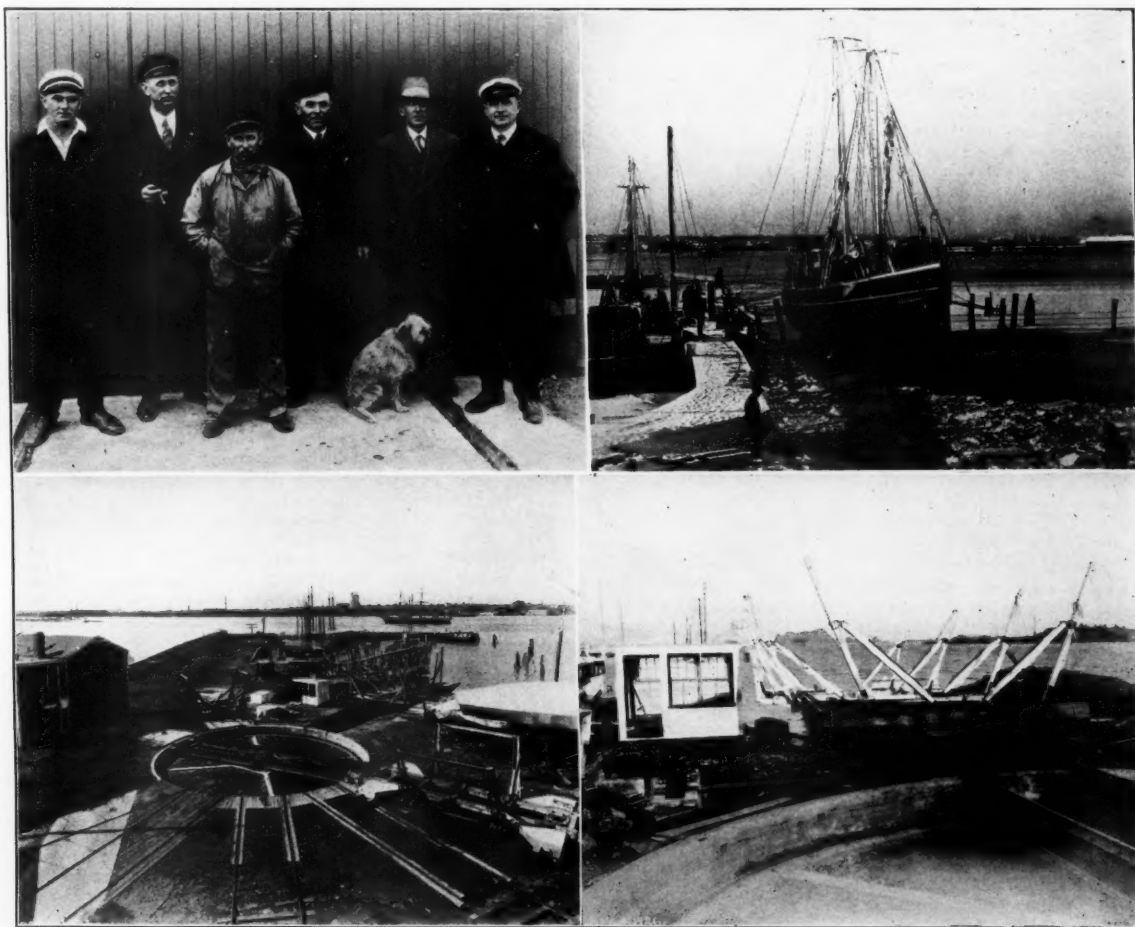
(Continued on Page 20)

New Bedford Yards and Shops

THE old towns of New Bedford and Gloucester have much in common, not the least of which is their similarity in that while neither receives a very large proportion of the fish produced by its fleets, sizeable fleets go from both ports, landing quite a percentage of the totals at New York and Boston respectively. Another point in common is that both ports are admirably supplied with yards, shops, supply stores and mechanics to keep the vessels in constant service, for the skippers of both places, Gloucester with her killers in every fishery, of every nationality, and New Bedford with many who have become known in

Across the river in Fairhaven, but New Bedford for all practical purposes, are two splendid railways. A fishing captain has enough with which to contend offshore, and when it is necessary to haul out, he wants to get out, and no delays. New Bedford vessels will never be held up if they can get home to go on the ways.

The new type Peirce & Kilburn railways could haul a dozen craft and take care of them all at the same time if the occasion demanded, and furthermore could put any of them overboard at any time desired without waiting for one of the others to be completed.



At the New Peirce & Kilburn Yard

UPPER LEFT: Organizers of the Mariners' Club, John Hemmings, Capt. Fred W. Phillips, Adelard Fortier, Capt. O. S. Olsen, I. C. Hall and Fred W. Welsh.
LOWER LEFT: The turntable, an innovation in marine railways.

UPPER RIGHT: The *Vagabond* hauling.

LOWER RIGHT: Showing the construction of the turntable and a cradle.

late years as wild Irish draggers, will not stand for lengthy periods of idleness. The way they fish, in with a trip before you knew they were gone from the last one, necessitates the quickest and best kind of repairs.

The renown of Gloucester at fitting vessels is rivalled only by her men who man them. New Bedford, although not so well known, is equally skilled with the type of craft which makes its headquarters there—draggers, nothing but draggers.

It doesn't sound right, but it is. The secret is a new scheme for marine railways—a turntable at the inboard end. When hauling a vessel, after running her up high and dry in the cradle, she is hauled ahead until entirely borne by the turntable. A system of spur tracks like the spokes of a wheel from the hub radiate from the table, and a vessel is turned to run out on any vacant track to one side, leaving both railway and turntable ready to haul or launch anything ready, without waiting for the next tide or anything else.

The Crandall Engineering Co. of East Boston designed and installed the improved railway, which is the only one of its kind hereabouts. The main 235 ton ways, also designed by them, has a 100 foot semi-deck type cradle built in two parts, 32 feet wide across the sills, upon which there is depth of 13 feet. The cradles are steel.

The double cradle permits two vessels to haul out at the same time on separate cradles, with a space of 30 feet between them, sufficiently distant to withdraw the tail shaft from the vessel on the after cradle above the high water mark.

The other railways are those of D. N. Kelley & Son, known to fishermen for years. This concern also has a distinctive feature. The cradles are cement and the stringers, like Peirce & Kilburn's, are adjustable so that every vessel of whatever beam and underbody design is secured without any blocking up. This of course eliminates a lot of time-losing confusion in hauling. Railway owners from as far away as the Pacific coast have come to see this arrangement, and have been unanimous in approval.

The Kelleys also build dories. Until they started, there had always been more or less delay when a boat got caught in a breeze and lost her dories. That was the original reason for building them at Fairhaven, but the "Whaling City" dories, as they are called, have made a hit with those who have used them, so now they are in sufficient demand to make a business of building them.

Both Peirce & Kilburn and Kelley's yard is fully equipped with electrical winches for hauling. Machine and wood-working shops are run in conjunction with each, and in New Bedford proper is Hathaway and his shop, where anything in the line of fishing machinery can be had. Doubtless one of the reasons for the growth of the New Bedford fleet is the Hathaway Machinery Company, because a good many of the improvements and new pieces of gear used in the trawl fishery were first made there. It has been said that without Hathaway and his partner, Eli Braley, flounder dragging would still be a minor fishery.

These two started in tinkering on gas engines with a cold chisel and monkey wrench, and now have one of the best, if not the best, machine shop on the coast doing fishermen business. At present they have contracts to fit out a half dozen or so vessels. During the past year ten or a dozen were completed.

Most New Bedford vessels run their fish to the New York market since oil engines have replaced gasoline, and consequently reduced the cost of the passage in. This does not mean, however, that there are no facilities for taking out and shipping at the home port, for the New Bedford Fish Company can handle all that is brought to them. What's more, the proprietors are among the few dealers about whom the fishermen never seem to complain. The trouble is, it costs around three dollars and a half a hundred to get a shipment from New Bedford to New York by freight. It is cheaper to run a trip.

Recently, the Mariners' Club, comprised of professional yachtsmen and fishermen was organized on board the yacht *Palestine*, tied up for the winter in the Atlas Basin. The organizers of the club were Captains Fred W. Phillips, I. C. Hall, O. S. Olsen, and Engineers Fred Welch and Adelaar Fortier. The object of the club is for entertainment and mutual welfare.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected for one year terms: Captain, Fred W. Phillips; Chief Engineer, I. C. Hall; Mate, Edgar J. Whitfield; Steward, Alfred Woodcock; Quartermaster, Daniel Egan; Crew, D. N. Bosworth and Olaf S. Olsen; Cabin Boy, K. W. Erickson; Messman, Fred Welch. The steward, quartermaster, crew and cabin boy also make up the executive committee.

Rooms used by the government during the war as a mess hall at the plant of Peirce & Kilburn, Inc., have been fitted up for the club's use, where on March 3 a chowder was held. C. E. Beckman Co., a large supply firm of New Bedford, presented a burgee, and speakers entertained the members. Already fifty or sixty have joined and there is a waiting list. Several skippers from the flounder fleet, hailing from Boston, New York, Nantucket, the Vineyard, etc., have joined. Every mariner, not necessarily a master, either active or retired, is eligible.

Conservation of the Smelt Fishery of Maine

By WILLIAM C. KENDALL, *Ichthyologist,*
United States Bureau of Fisheries.

PART II

THE matter of young or adolescent smelt pertains to the professional smelt fisherman only and particularly to the seiner.

In order to be caught by weirs, pounds and other stationary apparatus, the smelt has to go to them, but the seine goes to the smelt and fishes for them in all accessible places frequented by the smelt. Along with the commercially more valuable adult smelts, multitudes of tiny immature smelts are caught. In late years in times of scarcity of the larger fish great quantities of the little smelt reach the market. Boston wholesale fish buyers call them "cigarettes". The market for these little fish is not constant, consequently many that are caught are thrown away after the larger fish are culled out.

In December, 1924, the writer bought one pound of these tiny smelts in a retail store in Portland, for 30 cents. Forty-one fish made the pound. Among them were only eight, the roes and milts of which showed that they would have spawned the following spring. These were then less than two years old. The others were less than a year old.

It is impossible to avoid taking large quantities of these little fish in drag seines, whatever the size of the mesh, if the mesh is small enough for ordinary smelts. When the seine is hauled the meshes draw together and the small smelts are caught in the jam of larger ones and other fish incidental to the haul. So long as unrestricted seining is allowed great numbers of the fish must be killed and it would be an economic waste to prohibit their sale. But something should be done to reduce that slaughter.

In some localities smelts are known to congregate in suitable places, usually near or at the mouth of a stream, prior to ascending them when conditions become favorable. In Casco Bay there are several such localities. There the drag seine is used as soon as the place is free of ice, and up to the very last day of open season, i. e., March 31. This seriously effects the run of smelts in the streams. It has been customary to seine a certain place every year, just before the spawning run should take place, and this has resulted in a diminished run. This custom with the customary intensive and highly destructive dipnet fishing in the fresh-water portion of the brook, could not but seriously affect the number of smelts in the region. Not only are smelts prevented from ascending the stream, but those which do ascend are prevented from spawning. The season should close at least as early as March 1.

In past years, in all the seasons given for poor breeding seasons or scarcity of smelts, the fault has never been attributed to the dipnet fishing, but always the seine has been the object of attack, having been accused of being the most destructive of smelt fishery appliances. But the dipnet custom is the most potent of all smelt-destroying agencies.

The capture of smelts in the fresh water section of any stream during the breeding season should be prohibited.

In Maine, for many years, legislative measures purported to be for "the better protection of smelts" and improvement of the smelt fishery, have been enacted. But for one reason or another the desired results have not been attained. The smelt has had practically no protection during its breeding runs in fresh water. Among the provisions of the general law of Maine (P. L. 1917, Chap. 71, Sec. 74) was the following: "No smelts shall be taken or fished for in tidal waters, nor in any brook, stream, or river emptying into tide waters, within one thousand feet of tide water, between the first days of April and October." Following this were a dozen or more exceptions and no less than 18 special laws applying to separate localities. These laws were in force until the legislature attempted to amend them in 1923.

If the foregoing provision in the law of 1917 had been reversed in its application and fishing prohibited in fresh water and to 1,000 feet below and with a limited amount of dipnet fishing in tide water below the 1,000 foot limit, the smelt would have stood a much better chance. For in most instances many smelts would have been able to ascend

into the protected section of the stream before dipnetting would have become practicable below. Those fish could have spawned; the eggs could have incubated and hatched undisturbed, providing the law had been observed or enforced.

Among the provisions of Chap. 132, P. L. 1923, "An Act to repeal sections seventy-four, seventy-five, seventy-six, and seventy-seven of chapter forty-five of the Revised Statutes, and enacting a new law for the better protection of smelts" is the following:

"No smelts shall be taken or fished for in any waters of the state between the first day of April and the first day of October of each year, except by hook and line."

The inland law pertaining to smelts (Section 26, Chap. 219, P. L. 1917, as amended by Chap. 244 P. L. 1917, and Chap. 196, P. L. 1923) which provided that "It shall be lawful, however, to take smelts in all the inland waters of the state above tide waters with a dipnet in the usual and ordinary way", etc., remained in the Revised Statutes.

The Act of 1923 resulted in confusion and final announcement by the Attorney General and the Director, of Sea and Shore Fisheries to the effect that the law was null and void. With the consequence that there was unrestricted fishing in the brooks flowing into tide water, both in the fresh and tidal sections. The law was amended by the last legislature so that "any waters" was made to read "tide waters".

The result of this was that previously permitted dipnetting from the first to thirty-first of April in tide water was prohibited but the fresh water sections remained open for an unlimited period after April 1st, according to the Inland Fish and Game law.

The foregoing examples of legislation are here given to bring out the point that laws have not always been based upon knowledge of conditions. In his report for 1924, H. D. Crie, Director of the Sea and Shore Fisheries Commission, says: "The conditions are so varied along the coast that it is almost impossible to enact a general smelt law that will fit each locality and not be confusing to the reader. Experience has taught us that stringent special laws with adequate penalties would be the best way to deal with the smelt situation. The reliable smelt fishermen who believe in protection should be appointed wardens to serve without pay to protect the smelts in the spring when they enter the brooks to spawn and are taken by pleasure seekers who in many instances make no use whatever of them. This practice should be stopped as millions of parent fish laden with spawn and milt are destroyed annually."

Wardens could not protect smelts in the brooks where the law permits unrestricted destruction. But conditions are not so varied along the coast that a uniform general law could not be applied to the fresh water section of every stream frequented by smelts for spawning, and one that would be intelligible to all. This should be done whether any other general or special laws are passed or not.

If there are to be two general laws, one applying to "inland waters" and the other to coastal waters, "inland waters" should be defined as lakes and ponds and their affluents. The law applying to the salt water smelt in the reproductive period should include in the jurisdiction all fresh waters flowing directly into tide water, which are or may be frequently by salt water for breeding.

Laws providing fishing privileges by dipnet in "inland waters" above tide water and closed tidal waters to all fishing afford no protection to the smelt during its reproductive migration. Theoretically no fishing at that time should be permitted, but practically a regulated dipnet privilege might be allowed, not in the fresh-water section of the stream but below mean high tide mark. A law might provide that only dipnets of a regulation size might be used in a regulated manner in the tidal portion of a stream a certain distance below high tide mark, a certain length of time after high tide.

The privilege as outlined above would permit residents near smelt waters to secure the "mess or two" of smelts which they are otherwise "unable to obtain", and would serve to mollify the antagonistic spirit which some of them have against certain professional fishermen, for example "seiners", and the protection afforded the smelt in the breeding places would perhaps reconcile the professional fishermen, as seiners, to closing their fishing operations as early as March 1st.

At present the most feasible and just way to reduce the

slaughter of young smelts would be to restrict fishing operations, that is, to designate certain localities where no fishing whatever, except with hook and with dipnets, perhaps, as previously suggested, should be permitted.

These suggestions are detailed in the accompanying outline.

SMELT LAWS

Inland Waters.

Revise the present law pertaining to smelts of inland waters so as to prohibit taking smelts at any time, by any means whatever, from the freshwater portion of any brook or stream flowing directly into tidewater, which is frequented or may be frequented by marine, or so-called saltwater smelts, for breeding, from the first of March to the date provided by the general law for the opening of the smelt season.

Sea and Shore Fisheries.

1. Revise general Sea and Shore fisheries law to make close time for smelts to begin March 1.

2. Prohibit taking smelts by any means, at any time, except by hook and line, in any cove, arm, estuary, creek, or river where such cove, arm, estuary, creek, or river is one-half mile or less in width between high-tide marks on the mainland.

3. The present law prohibits all fishing in tide water. Some modification of the law may be permissible and desirable providing the breeding smelt in the fresh water portion of tidal streams is protected, as provided above.

Thus: In tide water, below 300 feet from mean high tide mark, in the course of the stream, two hours after high tide, from the first day of April to the thirtieth day of April, both inclusive, it shall be lawful to dip smelts with an ordinary dipnet—the diameter or opening of the bow of which is not over 18 inches and provided that no person and only one person in a single family may take more than five dozen smelts^a in any one day or night, and provided further that it shall be unlawful to place, erect, or establish any artificial obstruction^b for the purpose of stopping or which would stop the ascent of smelts to their spawning places; and still further provided that it shall be unlawful to drive smelts (sometimes locally called "raunching") by using trees, alders, boughs, brushes, or any other device.

4. The matter of penalty is left to be determined by the lawmakers.

a. This is not intended to prohibit taking smelts by hand as is frequently done, or by any instrument of less capacity than that specified for dip nets.

If there are any localities where it is necessary or seems desirable to prohibit such fishing, the exception may be incorporated in the law.

b. This does not apply to already established obstructions such as mill dams, water-power dams, etc., but to the custom of making temporary obstructions, which would restrict the fish to the locality where fishing is legal according to the foregoing provision.

The Case of Corea Harbor

(Continued from Page 16)

1 Lobster pound at valuation of at least	3,000.00
1 Fish stand at valuation of at least	3,000.00
15 bait-houses and wharves at valuation of at least	2,000.00
Lowest lobster production estimate	80,000.00
Lowest fresh fish production estimate	10,000.00
Lowest fresh clams production estimate	2,000.00
60 lobster fishermen	
10 line fishermen	
50 families wholly dependent on Corea harbor.	
300 others wholly dependent on Corea harbor.	

Thousands of lobsters are brought to Corea, in addition, by fishermen and boatmen after supplies, salt, provisions and fish.

Boats from Winter Harbor, Prospect Harbor, Gouldsboro and South Gouldsboro and Jonesport bring their lobsters to sell at Corea. In addition to that hundreds of Maine's vacationists and pleasure seekers need Corea.

A harbor at an opportune site, allowed by lack of care and attention to degenerate almost into uselessness, but capable of proper function and much usefulness with proper attention.

Diagnosis—Inadequate harbor complicated by public pecuniary anaemia.

Treatment—Surgical operation urgent eminently necessary. Dredge mud flats and form mooring basin with adequate depth of water. Open channel to docks to allow normal

circulation of commerce. Menace of bore tides may be averted by construction of half tide breakwater off eastward approach of harbor.

Prognosis—Excellent with proper treatment promptly rendered. Without treatment state and nation will suffer much loss, depreciation of property; abandonment of very important fisheries industries; five hundred or more people cut off from means of earning livelihood; much loss to state in fisheries, and loss in summer tourists business; limitation of business in general.

Advisory—Overcome ancient prejudice that Corea is too small and unimportant to demand serious attention, by wide publicity of Corea's importance in fisheries industries and in Maine's summer resort business. Make known growing business of Corea and possibilities of future with adequate harbor. Foster interest of Maine Sea and Shore Fisheries Commission—Director Crie already interested. Establish and keep close contact with Maine Publicity Bureau and committees. Solicit interest of national and state government representatives of this section. Congressman White, Senators Hale and Gould, and state representatives and senators. The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN has already volunteered all possible help it can render. Fishermen everywhere lend your aid to your good neighbor and brother—Corea.

State Fishery Reports Issued

(Continued from Page 16)

an average year for groundfishing and for the sardine industry."

While the Connecticut report of Fisheries and Game is largely given over to other than the commercial fisheries, it sets forth interesting figures showing that while there was a 40% increase in the catch, the fishermen got less than a 14% increase in the receipts. The following is from the report:

"It is a matter of belief among many fishermen that the draggers should be kept out of the bays which they regard as the spawning areas of many species. Many kinds of fish will resort to a bay where there is an abundance of sand eels and other fish food. It is thought that fish must have a resting place as well as a spawning ground. Observations of thoughtful fishermen indicate that after a number of draggers have been through a bay where there was an abundance of food fishes and bait, notwithstanding the fact that these drag nets catch only bottom fishes such as fluke and flounders, the use of such nets has a tendency to drive away the sand eels and also the weakfish, mackerel and bluefish. It is for this reason that the Commission has occasionally received suggestions that there be a restriction as to dragging in some localities along the shore. At the present time it has not sufficient and definite knowledge to warrant making any recommendations.

"The financial return to the fishermen in 1925 for lobsters shows an increase over the return for 1924 of \$1412.00, notwithstanding the fact that the total number of pounds of lobsters marketed by the fishermen in 1925 was 807 less than in 1924. In other words, the lobstermen received a higher price for their catch in 1925 than in 1924. The reduction in the catch for 1925, as compared with 1924, is so slight as to be almost inappreciable."

Various lobster legislation similar to that in force in adjoining states is recommended. It is interesting to note that Connecticut purchased about \$4,000 worth of berried lobsters.

The fourth annual report of the Conservation Department of Maryland, opens by saying:—"The bottoms lying under the waters of the Chesapeake and its tributaries are the State's meadow lands, more fertile than our agricultural areas. These bottoms comprise about two thousand three hundred square miles or one million four hundred and seventy-two acres. Like agricultural lands, we have sections lying under the waters that are not productive (channels and mud sluices) but we know that at least half a million acres of our under-water territory are suitable bottoms capable of a greater production. Why should these lands remain idle when there is a demand throughout the country for the most lucrative shellfish crop of the nation? The U. S. Bureaus of Fisheries estimated the crop of oysters from the Atlantic, Gulf Coast and Pacific Coast States (California, Washington and Oregon) to be thirty million bushels, producing seventy-three thousand tons of food. This food value is equivalent to two hundred and fifty-four



MUG-UP

YARNS

Send in poems, jokes and stories for this column. \$1 for every joke published and \$2 for stories and poems.

The Lament of the Old Sail-Dragger

Joseph C. Allen

GONE air the days, the good old days
When sailin was the thing.

When top-sls split the skyline, far
Jest like a sea-gull's wing.

When hulls was built of honest oak
Well-trunnelled fer to stay,

And skippers let ther stay-sls stand
Ontel they blowed away!

Gone is the fleet of schooners neat
That sailed fere Grand Manan.

A-followin the wake we made
Aboard the Sally Ann.

With all four Lovers hard as boards
And top-sls sheeted down

We'd "scandalize" the kite and then
Jest leave em back in town.

Them was the days! the good old days
Of schooners built for speed.

When crews jest prayed for wind enough
And knew no other need.

When lee-rails soaked beneath the froth
That hid em for a day

And reef-piints, they waant used at all
When once we cleared the bay!

Progress, they say, has had it's way,
The schooners are no more.

A fleet of snortin motor-craft
Puts out from every shore.

With pilot-house and derrick-boom
New-fangled and complete,

And hulls so light—Great God,
Ther planks air like a paper sheet!

These are the toys that modern boys
Go out to fish in now.

They haint got no more style er lines
Than some old barge er scow.

You hear no talk of spars or duck,
Tis always the "macheen."

Oh give me back the days of sail
And cuss this gasolene!

thousand dressed steers yearly. Maryland's part today in this production is seven thousand three hundred tons or twenty-five thousand four hundred dressed steers. The State's plan to lease a practically idle section of the Bay, extending from Holland Point on the Western Shore down to Cove Point, and from the lower end of Poplar Island on the Eastern Shore to where a line east of Cove Point Lighthouse intersects the mainland, should augment the present production from four to five million bushels per year, which is equivalent to forty-two thousand three hundred thirty-three dressed steers.

"The University of Maryland informs us that it requires four acres of pasture land to support one steer per year. The meadow lands beneath the waters of the Bay will then be supporting what two hundred and seventy thousand thirty-two acres of pasture lands can produce. The grass lands of Maryland could not do this, and we would have to resort to a western state to compete. The value of a dressed steer, having pastured for a year on four acres, is around \$60. The value of the oysters taken from four acres is conservatively figured at \$2,000.

"The utilization of idle bottoms would give continuous employment to all the watermen of the tidewater counties, make them a far better livelihood than they are making today, increase boat property, increase the tidewater towns and give a surplus capital essential to this State."



By M. E. McNulty

FISHERMEN who look upon the maintenance of Point Prim Light as an asset to the fishing industry are interested in having the keeper of that light back again on duty at that important beacon. Mr. Ellis was through a siege of illness. He is a fisherman as well as lightkeeper.

With economic conditions in the maritime provinces very unsatisfactory, the packers and curers of fish have been forced to develop outside markets for their products. One of the reasons why the Canadian government appointed an emissary to Washington, is said to be an aim at reducing or eliminating in full, the tariff on Canadian caught fish into the U. S. The fishing industry of Canada is very much interested in having this trade barrier removed. Failing in this, they ask that a reduction of at least fifty per cent be made in the duty on fish brought in Canadian bottoms, to the U. S. ports.

J. L. Robichead of Maxwellton who is a member of the Nova Scotia House of Assembly, has been looking after the interests of the fishing interests of the Bay of Fundy area in the legislature. While the legislature was in session in Halifax, Mr. Robichead spent most of each week there, and the balance at his home in Maxwellton.

The Maritime Canneries Ltd., the reported intention of the promoters of which was to pack sea food, have been under investigation by the provincial public utilities commission. The company's building at Gorham's Bluff was destroyed in a mysterious fire, and the announcement was made that canning operations would be started in West St. John. The company was financed via the stock subscription route in public campaign.

During the session of the House of Commons at Ottawa, H. B. Short, manager of the Maritime Fish Corporation, Digby, was in attendance. Mr. Short represents Digby constituency in the parliament, and is one of the few active figures in the fishing industry who is prominent in Canadian politics. He defeated the sitting member for Digby-Annapolis Counties, both leading Bay of Fundy fishing counties, in 1925, and was re-elected at the special election called when parliament was dissolved. The Maritime Fish Corporation is one of the biggest of the fish handling concerns in the maritime provinces, maintaining several sets of buildings at Digby, and dealing in fresh, smoked and salt fish.

J. J. Cowie of Ottawa, an employee of the Canadian department of marine and fisheries represented that department in conferences with lobster fishermen recently. The men engaged in this type of fishing in various sections of the maritime provinces have felt they were discriminated against in the lengths of the season in these sections. This is but logical to expect when it is realized that the lengths differ to such extent. In some of the sections, meetings have been called, and these have been largely attended by the lobster fishermen, and also by buyers, wholesalers, packers and retailers. Complaints have been freely made that there is no valid reason why the lobster season in one section should be shorter than in another. Some of the speakers have complained that politics were responsible for the varying lengths. Discrimination has been openly charged against the Canadian government. At Shag Harbor and Wood's Harbor, considerable feeling has been in evidence. Mr. Cowie went to both these centres and heard the grievances of the men, went to Yarmouth, thence back to Ottawa. In the meanwhile, there is a probability, the complaints will be formerly registered at Ottawa by delegations from the sections in which the men think they have been penalized for political reasons.



By Joseph C. Allen

THINGS are looking like spring in every quarter of the compass. During the past month we have had a varied bunch of weather, one week like summer, several frosty nights and a dry Northeaster that lasted a week and blew the hair off of the weather side of every dog that shivered his nose out doors. But still 'tis spring.

The smelts and perch are running, one haul of twenty barrels of perch was made in West Tisbury Pond the week of the eleventh. This is particularly good for that pond as nearly all of the perch were killed three years ago when the sea broke over the beach and salted the pond. It is plumb full of little ones too, so the boys say, and it looks as if they were coming back alright. Smaller hauls have been made right along and our herring traps are all overboard and fishing. That warm week we had started the herring some but the week following was cold and the boys all claim that the fish took a one-way ticket for the Gulf Stream. But still, as we said before, it's spring, in spite of the devil!

The trap-fishermen are getting ready to put in their outside gear and probably the next moderate spell will see spiles being driven. Around here where we have to use pile-drivers, the weather has to be made to order for that sort of work, although power-boats have made the job about ten times as easy as it used to be, and power winches and drums have helped even more.

While there are still a bunch of the boat fishermen who haven't fitted out yet, and a vessel or two that's not keeping particularly busy, the catch is growing heavier every week. It's all otter-trawling and line-trawling right now and the catch is mostly cod, pugs and yellow-tails, but they did bring in a small bunch of haddock just at the last end of the month, the first to be taken inshore for some time.

The scalloping is about over, there weren't many of them anyway, and most of the boats are chasing the quohaugs. These lads are finding them too, same as always, and you may lay to that, and they are bringing in more each week as the kinks begin to straighten out of the water.

There is no move among the lobstermen as yet. The lads in Buzzards Bay, some of them, anyhow, have some gear in and they have struck quite a bunch of lobsters, but they never strike on around here as early, not by several weeks and no pots are overboard as yet, although plenty of them are ready for sea. And speaking of lobsters, we have one lad who has lately located among us and who is going to use salted rabbits as a sort of an appetizer to season up his bait. Everyone predicts a howling success for him, but they want to know what a hotel patron is going to say if he strikes a bunch of fur in the salad.

Quite a bunch of the netters have passed along by on their way south this month. None of them have stopped so far, the weather has been too favorable for them. None of our lads have mentioned going yet and it is most probable that if they do any gill-netting they will wait until the school gets closer aboard. Not many of them go, anyway.

Prices, generally speaking, have kept very even and not many of the boys have met with disappointment when they got their returns or marketed locally. But during that one week of summer weather, the garboards dropped clean out of the market. In all of this writer's ninety-nine years of being around among fishermen, this is the first time he ever heard them growl because the weather was too good!

Every man jack and his brother went out, you see, and every son of a gun brought in a jag. The result was that there weren't people enough to eat em and they weren't worth a whoop in heck.



By the Fisherman's Doctor

AT Frenchboro, outer Long Island, a boat building boom has developed this winter. Lehman Davis has a 39-foot seiner, nearly completed, and will be ready to supply local fishermen with bait. Granville Davis is building a 30-foot cabin cruiser for Boston fishermen. She is fashioned on the famous Long Island model noted for speed and seaworthiness. Thomas Lunt is building a 30-foot lobster boat for himself and intends to install a 32-40 hp. Red Wing engine. Milton Dalzell and Clarence Howard are building a 35-foot lobster boat, and expect her to be very speedy with a 50 hp. Kermath. Warren L. Higgins has bought a 30 hp. Frisbie engine to install in his 24 foot lobster boat. Eugene VanNorden has installed a new 35 hp. Kermath in his lobster boat. Charles W. Allen at Eagle Island is remodelling his 34-foot boat with a new bow and intends to install an 18-24 Red Wing.

Flounder dragging has developed into a busy industry in Penobscot and Bluehill bays. A dozen boats at a time flounder dragging in Greene Island channel is no uncommon sight. It is told that William Teel of Rockland quit scalloping and started dragging flounders. He lost two drags in one day, then renounced the role and returned to his former forte at scalloping.

The Coombs boat shop at Vinalhaven is building a 30-foot fishboat for Stephen Bray of North Haven. It will carry a 20 hp. Regal engine. Rich Brothers at West Tremont have finished and launched a 28-foot boat for Burlem of Southwest Harbor. At Cape Rozier Richard Clifford is building a boat for Emery Gray.

B. B. Reed of Rockland came very near losing his hand when fixing the chain on a flounder dragger Feb. 9th. The clutch slipped, then caught and jammed his hand between chain and sprocket. A co-worker luckily was handy and stopped the engine and freed the hand, else it would have been badly mangled. Two finger were badly mangled and two badly jammed. He was at once taken to shore and a doctor treated the hand.

New Propeller Booklet

THE Columbian Bronze Corp., has recently issued a new edition of their booklet, Propellers in a Nut Shell. It is extremely interesting and profusely illustrated, and gives a fund of information on the many different types of wheels. Copies are sent free of charge on request.

Who Can Tell The Biggest One?

West Penobscot, Maine.

DEAR ATLANTIC FISHERMAN:

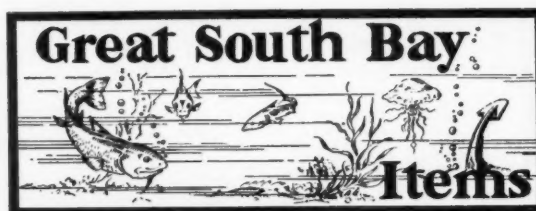
I see in the magazine about the big clam shells down here on Penobscot Bay. We do a big business of digging clams, which we shuck, sending the shells to the railways along the coast for cradles to haul out the big four and five masters in.

Yours truly (!)
Will Grindle, Beals, Maine.

DEAR EDITOR:

Mr. Jessie Marchant, while digging clams on Hard Wood Island reef, heard something speak. He looked around and there stood a big clam, which said, "Good morning, Mr. Marchant." Jessie jumped to catch the clam but it ran. If Jessie's legs had been a little longer he would have caught it, but he fell down and while getting the mud out of his eyes the clam got away. Mr. Marchant thought he would have weighed about 400 lbs.

Yours truly (!?)
(The writer daresn't put his name).



By Lloyd Chester Harris

WITH the approach of April the oystering season among the beds of the Great South Bay is fast drawing to an end and only a few more days remain when the baymen can take the bi-valves from the waters between the mainland and the island. Anticipating this season of the year and the need for the oysters to enjoy more or less privacy for their family affairs partial restrictions are being placed on the beds owned by the town of Brookhaven starting Saturday April 2 and continuing through until May 31.

During this period of partial restriction the trustees will carry out their plan for transplanting the bi-valves, for year by year they are extending the natural beds along over the bay under their jurisdiction. This is being accomplished by moving surplus oysters from the heavily covered bottom to an equally suitable bottom where there are few or no oysters. Since the ice broke up at an unusually early date the baymen have enjoyed an especially active and productive season in local waters.

Under the plan of extending the beds a line is now defined from the northeast point of Old House, Middle Ground, north to a marked post in mud bottom and south of the Swan Creek bed, thence west and south parallel with the shore around Reef and Swash beds. The land under water along the north shore and to the east of this line is reserved, starting April 2 for planting. The land west and south of the line is open for the taking of oysters, including undersized ones to be used for seed purposes. In the transplanting work the baymen will assist in the work.

The early weeks in March witnessed new record catches of scallops by the West Sayville fleet and the previous high catches of late February were eclipsed by several bushels. Favored by fine weather during the first week Captain Nicholas Schaper with the *Hazel S.* brought in the largest catch, which was 520 bushels and exceeded the record set a few weeks before by the *Winifred H.* which brought in 500 bushels, a record until then. Capt. Cornelius Sanders and Capt. Jacob Slager each brought in 480 bushels that week and in the following days others members of the fleet kept up the high average. The *Hazel S.* went out again later in the week for another good haul but a mechanical break in the hoisting apparatus forced the boat back to port while the *Josephine* had a bit of hard luck and had to turn back with one net lost and another damaged. The new *Avocet* of Pagels Brothers has recently been put in service as a part of the scalloping fleet which is rapidly increasing at West Sayville.

The weeks during the middle and latter part of March saw a falling off in the size of the hauls and the catches averaged between 150 and 250 bushels. Rough seas were partly responsible for this fact.

The need for better docking facilities at West Sayville has made itself apparent during March with the constantly increasing size of the fleet, both in the number of boats and the size of the new ones. The second week in March marked the addition of a new boat by Wolfer Koman, the *Peerless*, which is all that its name implies. It is a 60 footer with a beam of 16 feet 7 inches and is a striking and handsome addition to the fleet. She is powered with a 70 h. p. Wolverine motor and is equipped with spacious cabins. She has all modern conveniences such as electric lights. In the meantime the new boat of William Seerveld, Peter Van Vessem and Edward Ockers which is being built at Newey's yards in Brookhaven is nearing completion and the new boat of Capt. Cornelius Zegel, built at West Haven, is ready to augment the fleet.

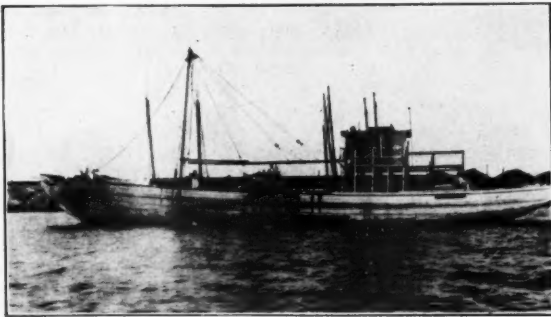
The vigorous attempt to deprive Long Island's deep sea fishermen of the chief livelihood by forbidding the use of nets in the ocean waters from Coney Island and the Jersey coast to a point one mile east of Fire Island was defeated during the month when the Senate Conservation Committee turned down the Burchill and Webb Bill.

Items from New Jersey

THE last half of March certainly showed February what winter weather should be like. There is one good sign, though, shad appeared earlier than has been known for many years in Delaware Bay. The demand as usual, far exceeds the supply. The run started so early that many fishermen were not prepared and the work of knitting and hanging in nets is being pushed to the limit.

Oysters have come through the winter in exceptionally good shape, and are strong enough to withstand replanting as soon as the weather moderates a bit. This work of replanting is gaining steadily in favor among the planters. A few years ago a ground was planted with seed and left until the stock was large enough for market. That is the practice today on some grounds but a greatly increased rate of growth and much nicer shaped stock results when the oysters are replanted at the end of the second winter.

Two fine new schooners have been recently completed and turned over to their owners. The *Laura Wilde* and the *J. & E. Riggan*. These boats are of the very latest type and are in the eighty to ninety foot class.



The Mary Ella, one of the largest boats in the Maurice River Cove fleet.

There has been some talk of an oystermen's race this summer. No definite plans have been made but with a fleet of three to four hundred schooners to pick from, there should be many entries and the race should be a spirited one.

Robbins & Robbins have sold out to a new firm, Fogg & Stowman. The new owners are planning to enlarge the business, and have already purchased two additional boats and they are planning to build a shucking house this summer to be ready for next season.

The Board of Shell Fisheries has plans laid for a new police boat to take the place of the *Dianthus*. Details have not been given out but it is understood she is to be about eighty feet long, and Diesel powered. She will be designed to go out in any kind of weather and stay there with any boat in the business. Such a boat will be particularly valuable when there is ice.

Cold weather lasted long enough last winter so that the ice cut off practically every oyster stake. Thousands of stakes are required to replace the old ones and much of the work must be completed before the first of May when the planting season opens.

The State tonnage tax has been raised this season to provide additional funds for the planting of shells on the State beds. This work is most valuable and the oystermen are behind it to a man. The policy of conservation taken by the Board has made the natural beds of the Delaware among the finest in the world.

News from THE Provinces

IN spite of the continuous bad weather during the month of February, Nova Scotia's fish catch showed a large increase. Ward Fisher, Chief Fisheries Inspector for the Eastern Division of the Department of Marine and Fisheries in his survey of the fisheries for the month gives the total quantity of all fish landed in February as 4,990,500 pounds as compared with 3,785,400 for February 1926, showing an increase of over 1,105,100 pounds.

While the catch shows an increase, one bad factor is the large supplies on hand due to the large catches the preceding months. Due to this fact it is understood that very little fish is being purchased along the shore.

LUNenburg:—A great deal of activity has been in progress along the Lunenburg waterfront for sometime. Vessels are being put in condition and crews arranged for the frozen baiting trip to the banks. The first vessel of the fleet to get away this year was the *W. E. Knock* in command of Captain William Deal. The vessel sailed on March 5 and will engage in halibuting for a few weeks before taking up salt fishing. It is expected that the fleet will be much smaller this year on the frozen baiting trip owing to the fact that last year was a poor year financially to the fishermen. A number of men have come from Scotland besides Newfoundland to sail with the fleet. It is the first time that Scotchmen have come to Nova Scotia to join in the fishing and if it proves a benefit financially it is expected that a larger number will come across and settle permanently in the province. Nearly 100 Newfoundland fishermen arrived at Halifax on March 7 enroute to Lunenburg to join the fleet. Vessels sailing on March 9 from Lunenburg for the banks, were: *Partanna*, Captain Guy Tanner; *Mahala*, Captain Warren Kniekle; *Grace B. Bochner*, Captain Angus Tanner and *Nina W. Corkum*, Captain Foster Corkum. These vessels are among the first to get away and the captains are among the youngest of the fleet.

FREEMPORT:—With the lobster season in full swing, the coast is lined with buoys extending from the Bay of Fundy to Halifax. The first few days the catch was reported very small, but the price was high, being 48 cents a pound. With the milder weather approaching the prospects of a good season is particularly bright. Since the season opened on March 1st a steady supply has been going forward to Boston. At the first of the season boiled lobsters were selling at Boston at \$1.00 a pound and live ones, 90 cents.

The first French trawler this year to put into Halifax was the *Rene Godet*, Captain A. Morin from France. The vessel is fishing on the Grand Banks and with some of the others put in to Halifax during the season for bunkers and supplies. The trawler encountered rough weather crossing the Atlantic and one of her officers had the misfortune to break a leg necessitating a call at Halifax to land the injured man.

LUNenburg:—Another new vessel was recently added to the Lunenburg fleet when the schooner *Eva U. Colp* for Captain Maynard Colp was launched on March 19 from the shipyard of Smith and Rhuland. The vessel was named for and christened by the Captain's wife. She is 129 feet over all, 26½ feet beam, and 11 feet in depth of hold. In addition to carrying all the modern equipment, she will have a 45 h. p. oil engine. Captain Colp who is one of the successful skippers of the Lunenburg fleet, last year sailed the schooner *Galahad* which he sold to Lockeport parties. The *Eva U. Colp* is to be used in handline fishing.

DIGBY:—A large stock of scallops was blamed for the sharp drop in prices to the Digby fishermen who received at one time during the month but \$2.50 per gallon. It was the lowest level for the past 12 months. It was quite different too when the fishermen received around \$4.00 a gallon. Profits at the new level were seriously affected. It was thought that the prices were seriously affected by the large amount of fresh fish arriving at the American market during the week.

Liverpool Jarge

BY HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

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YARN X.

SOME two or three days after Mr. Shaghellion had narrated the thrilling events which make up the preceding chapter and, in fact, before the story had been printed, the Sunday editor of our esteemed sheet received a letter which I copy here and which explains itself:

Editor Sunday _____,

Dear Sir:

Will you kindly insert in your paper the following notice:

Died: JOHN SAVAGE SHAGHELLION, at his home in East Boston, on April 19, 1917, in his 86th year. Funeral private. No flowers.

Uncle John has failed rapidly since a week ago Monday, when he told his last yarn. The doctor thinks the strain was too much for him.

Yours very sincerely,
MABELLE SHAGHELLION.

I knew but slightly Miss Shaghellion, the charming and beautiful niece of old John, but I esteemed her highly and my heart went out to her in sympathy. The demise of her beloved uncle was so untimely. John had, so to speak, just struck his gait. He was going good. And he had cracked under the strain.

Well, it couldn't be helped. It was, unquestionably, the finish of John Savage Shaghellion. He was done. And by all the rules of the game the curtain had been rung down on the adventures of Liverpool Jarge. Only,—as John himself might have said,—only it hadn't.

A fortnight after Mr. Shaghellion's death notice had appeared in our Sunday edition there came a letter bearing the postmark of a little Essex County Village. I print it here without comment:

Boxfield, Mass., June 16.

Editor of the Sunday _____, Esq.

Dear Sir—Somewheres along the first of April, or maybe the last of March, Charles Eben Kimball drove by our place with his old white horse Bill and left a grist of Sunday papers with pieces printed into 'em that was a passle of lies told by John Shaghellion, the mean old coot, about different things him and me had done. Well, I been busy plowin' and plantin' all spring so fur and just got 'round to settlin' John's case. If I'd 'a' had him some places him and me's been in this world, I'd 'a' had him under hatches and battened down in about thirty seconds by the clock and no trouble writin' letters.

But John Shaghellion's been gone away from here for nigh on to two years. So I took them papers over to Jason Kimball, that's justice of the peace, and asks him what'll I do. Jason, he's knowed John for more forty year, and he reads the pieces and grinned like a fool and says, "Why don't you sue him for libel?" But I look at it like this. Sue a beggar and catch a louse, as Cap'n Petrie says to the Swede. That goes for the feller that wrote the pieces John told, too.

Jason says, "Why don't you take your brass knucks and take a trip into Boston?" But I says that'll cost a lot, and so Jason says, "Write out your side of the story and send it to the paper. They can't do less'n print it."

So I signs on Mary Anna, Jason's oldest darter that's stenographer in the snuff mill, to set down what I say, the way I say it, me being bad at writing. It's going to cost a goodish bit so you'll save yourself trouble if you send me fifty or sixty dollars when you get this.

But this ain't tellin' about John. Near's I can make it from spellin' out his log, he claims to be a sailor. Well, he ain't, nor never was. He sailed maybe eight or ten voyages along o' me and he wa'n't never no good e'cept to

pull and haul. He's one of these fellers that you can't learn nothin', as Cap'n Petrie says to the Swede. 'Board ship he was always gettin' in his own way and steppin' on his whiskers, and his fingers was all thumbs. John's one of these fellers that gets aboard a ship once and never gets over it. John's tried to farm, too, but he wa'n't no good at that, neither.

Shaghellion worked for pretty nigh everybody in Boxfield. He even worked for Moses Kimball, that runs the store, 'ntil one day Balam Kimball come in for a pound of bird shot and John couldn't find the scale weights, so he says, "a pint's a pound the world 'round," and give Balam a heapin' dipper of shot for a dime. He wa'n't no good to keep store nor to farm nor nothin'. Only thing he could do half way good was to lie, and he wa'n't first-class at that. He had to get his idea from somebody else and then he'd put the trimmin's on.

(I'd orter put in right here that most all the folks up this way is named Kimball—they used to say everybody in town but one, and he was Kimball Rogers.)

Shaghellion was an awful bragger. According to him, he could do most anythin' better'n anybody. Once Charles Eben Kimball—that's the other one that lives over Ash Swamp way—tried to build a chimney. It wa'n't nothin' to talk about and it wouldn't draw. John comes along and he says: "Ruckum," says he, "I could build a better chimney than that outer seed cucumbers and lard." And then he goes to tell about some chimney he built somewhere that drawed so hard that it sucked the fire up the pipe and the furniture and the cat up agin the stove and wound up by flattenin' out the stovepipe.

The liar! I knowed the chimney he was tellin' about. It was the one him and me built on Kadiac and it didn't move nothin' up to the draft-hole but the eat. Besides that, I made the chimney and all John done was to bring clay.

Well, I cal'late I've told enough about John Shaghellion so you'll know how much you can believe him. He says I'm close with my cash. He judges other folks by himself. Say, let me tell you how near he is himself. Bein' a Sea-brooker, he used to go barefooted all summer, like he was brang up to do. Come fall, he'd buy one pair of brogans to go through the winter. One year, must 'a' been the year Cleveland was elected the first time, we had a late fall and John didn't need no shoes until 'long about Christmas. Then he dug out an old pair that he thought would do a couple of months. His feet was pretty well calloused up, so what does he do but go down to Steve Kimball the cobbler, and buy a pair of soles and have 'em sewed onto the callouses with wax-end. And he went around that way clear into February, but he saved the price of a pair of brogans.

'Nother thing about Shaghellion is his stubbornness. A mule's nothin' to him. John was extry stubborn about things he see in print. Seemed like printer's ink was kind of holy to him or somethin'. First year Gus Gardner went to Congress John wrote to him for some seed. It come in little envelopes labelled squash. Well, they come up sunflowers, but Shaghellion hung to it they was squash, even after the stalks was nine foot high and his old Dominecker rooster was gettin' three square meals a day off the seeds.

"Said squash on the package," says John, "stands to reason they must be squash." And squash they was fur's he was concerned.



I cal'late by this time you'll be wonderin' why a decent, honest feller like me'd have a pill like John Shaghellion for a mate. Well, I'll tell ye, John, mean and triflin' though he was, always minded what I said. He knowed what was good for him, you can lay to that.

Then he was such a homely cuss, he was useful. I was a fine lookin', handsome lad, as you can see for yourself by the tintype I'm puttin' in, took in London in the spring of '74, and very popular with the gals in any port. When we'd come rollin' up the street most anywhere the gals would take one look at John and then one at me and I'd have the pick.

Once in a while an old one, generally a widder, would get in love with me and take to leanin' on my shoulder and breathin' hard and then I'd set John on her and everythin' would be all right. Sure, John was all right in his way, but he didn't weigh much, as Cap'n Petrie says to the Swede. So when I'd get the itch in my feet and want to go somewhere I'd take John and go into Boston and the two of us would ship for furrin parts and be gone some-times three years.

You can bet I'd never 'a' took him if I'd 'a' knowed he was goin' to hash up some of the innercent little doin's of

Well, as soon as they got the money John and Lill went to Newb'ryport and bought an automobile. They paid \$45 for it. It must 'a' been pretty nigh the first one ever built. It had a crank on the side 'stid of in front and worked a good deal like a coffee grinder. The feller that sold it drove the old mill up from 'Port and give 'em a lesson. After that John spent the most of his time workin' the craft up and down the Puddin'bag.

She made more noise than a pig under a gate, as Cap'n Petrie says to the Swede, and kept up a coughin' and a sputterin' all the time, with little squirts of smoke and sometimes fire comin' out of her joints. Every once in a while she'd give a bang behind and rare upon her front wheels and run along on 'em for maybe twenty foot, with the hind wheels spinnin' so you couldn't see the spokes. Then she'd smash down and stop and John'd get out and wind her up again.

When she got goin' at top speed, say maybe ten miles an hour, and rattlin' good and spoutin' stink and smoke she most surely was a terrifyin' contraption. Jason Kimball's berry pasture runs up over the hill and comes out on the Lane for a piece and Jason had his ugly old red bull in there to keep the boys out. That bull was mean and wa'n't

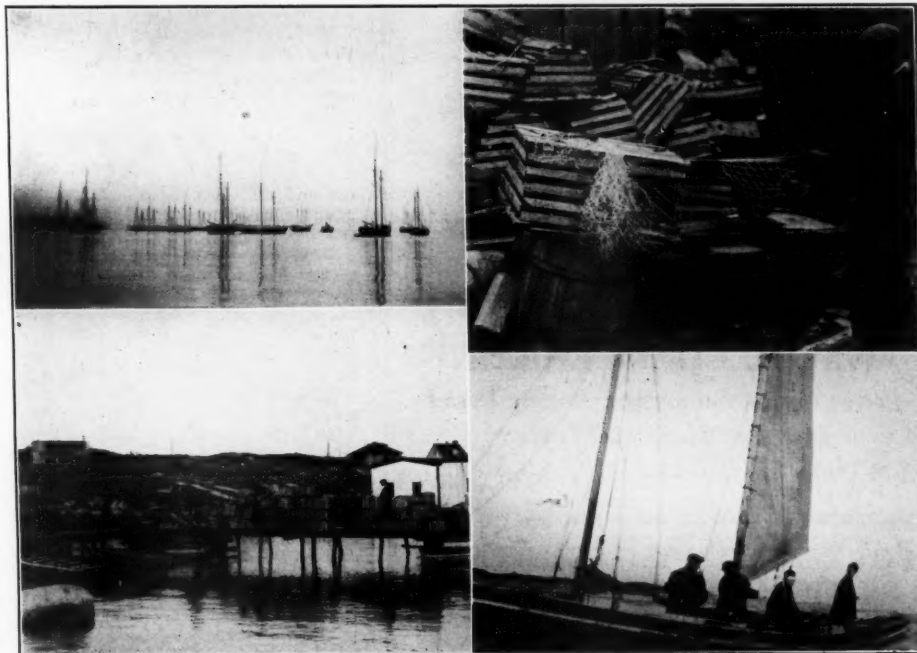
Along the Nova Scotia Shore at this Time of the Year.

UPPER LEFT:—
Vessels in Lunenburg Harbor preparing for the season's fishing.

LOWER LEFT:—
Lobster Time.

UPPER RIGHT:—
Making trap heads.

LOWER RIGHT:—
Squidding in Nova Scotia waters.



mine into his yarns; nor he wouldn't 'a' told 'em if he'd been where I could lay my hooks into him. I'll bet a red apple that he never told about the Lady Lill and how he come to leave Boxfield. That's why I'm goin' to tell; just to git even with the swab.

Well, sir, along about thirty year ago there was a gal in this town named Lill Kimball. She come from the Kimball tribe that lives over Puptown way on the fur side of Great Rock and was terrible good lookin' and I shined up to her some. One day she went down to Newb'ryport and there was a Kickapoo Indian Sagawa show down there and Lill run off with a greasy Eyetalian that played the banjo.

She come back after about fifteen year after and I was shinin' up to her some more when a cow kicked her teeth out and kinder sp'iled her good looks, so I turned her over to John, like I always done in a case like that. John, he married her, and they took the old Joseph Kimball place out in Puddin'bag Lane, at the foot of the hill this side of the poorhouse. They lived there up to three years ago.

Then Lill's father died and left her \$120—some say \$150. Enoch Kimball, the postmaster, says \$120, and he ought to know, seein' there was a letter come about it that got unsealed somehow, and Enoch read it to see if it was anything worth while or just somethin' he could throw in the stove as well as not.

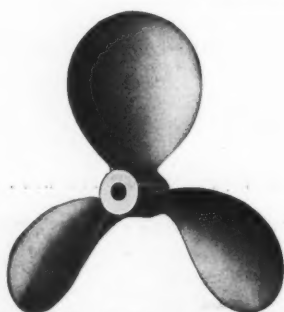
seared of nothin', but one day he comes down and was lookin' over the wall when John came along with his old cornsheller actin' up good and that bull let out one beller and lit out like the old Scratch was after him. Jason found him leanin' up agin the bars at the fur end of the pasture, kinder cryin' to himself, and he wa'n't never no good after.

When they'd had the automobile a couple of weeks and John got so he could make her go pretty good he begun to talk about fixin' her up to look good. So he went down to the store and got about ten yards of white oilcloth and some brass tacks and a bottle of fish glue and some red paint. The two of 'em worked on the old boat near a week and covered her with the oilcloth and painted in red stripes that looked good 'cept where the paint run, and they printed the name across her stern in letters about a foot tall—the "Lady Lill".

John made danged rough weather of learnin' to run the Lady Lill, at that. He started off talkin' ship talk to himself. You'd hear him comin' down the lane hollerin', "Stiddy! Stiddy as she is!" And then when he'd got to the main road he'd roar: "All hands stand by to come about! Hard aport!" And he'd put the hellum over and fetch up in the patch of sumacs under the signpost.

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After a spell he found out he done better to talk to the Lady Lill like he was drivin' oxen. He'd come a snortin' along, bellerin', "Hush-wa-hush! Gee! Haw! G'long, thar!" And he'd cuss considerable.

He fixed him up a whip-socket and got a hickory ox-gad with a long brad in the end, and when the Lady Lill'd slow down or balk a little, he'd reach over and prod her in the radiator or the register or whatever you call the cowcatcher dewdab out in front. He'd give her two or three good, hard digs and most always she'd grunt a couple of times and quiver all over and start goin' so blamed fast that sometimes he couldn't stop her without runnin' her into the ditch and talkin' gentle to her for a spell until she'd get calmed down.

That was worse than havin' Lill balk. John put a good deal of thought into it and winds up by going down to the blacksmith shop and havin' Bill Kimball make him an anchor. It was a kind of cross between a kedge and a grapplin' iron weighin' nigh thirty pounds. John rove it on to about six fathoms of wire stay that he'd salvaged off a wrecked sand schooner down to Plum Island once, and hung it over the stern of the Lady Lill. After that when she started to run away John'd pass the word to his wife and she'd knock out the chocks and let the kellig go on the run and old Lill'd come up all standing.

Well, sir, along about the end of September or maybe the first of October John and his wife got sick of runnin' Lady Lill up and down the Puddin'bag and they thought some of takin' a trip.

The more they thought about the idee the better they liked it and they decided they'd go to Yellowstone Park. They outfitted the Lill with enough pots and pans for a battleship and a bushel of spuds and a ham and six blankets and an old compass and cleared from Boxfield square about sunup one bright mornin'. That was the last this town ever see of John Shaghellion.

Next day Jason Kimball got a telephone from Danvers tellin' him to come over and get John out. Jason went. He got the story of what happened from the constable over there. Seems like John lost his bearin's before he'd logged ten miles and along about noon they fetched up in Danvers.

They was gettin' into the square when Lady Lill begun to act up, not bein' used to so many other machines, and John give her a prod with the gad and she started to run away. The constable hollered at 'em to stop and John told his wife to let go the mud hook and she did. Well, the blamed thing wouldn't catch in the hard road and bounced along aft until it hooked the wheel of an Eytalian fruit cart and the whole outfit crossed the square goin' hellbent on one wheel and scatterin' bananas and peaches. John lost his head entirely, as you might know, and put his hellum down hard and put the Lady Lill over the sidewalk and into a drug store on the corner, through a plate glass window and over the sody fountain, pretty nigh killin' a clerk that was mixin' a prescription in the back room.

When the constable come up to take him in John was beatin' the Lady Lill with the butt of the gad and cussin' somethin' terrible. They asked him for his license and the only thing he had was the license for his old dog, Esau. He hadn't heard of no automobile license.

When Jason got over there they had a doctor workin' on John's head, and spite of the good argument Jason put up they wouldn't let John go, but hove him in the Danvers Insane Asylum.

Fur's anybody here knowed, he was there yet. But he must be out, to put them lies in the paper. I see in one piece where it says John's dead. Don't you believe it. He knowed I'd see that rotten stuff sometime, and that death notice was one of his sly tricks. John Shaghellion says I'm theftly with the brass knuckles. I never killed more'n eight or ten men in my life and them only because they got in my way or somethin'.

Jake Kimball's oldest boy Ed goes to school in Boston and I got him lookin' up Shaghellion. If I find John's alive I'll take my old knucks down from behind the clock and, old as I be, John Shaghellion'll wish he'd stayed in Danvers.
Yours,

"LIVERJOOL JARGE" MUNN. (His X Mark.)

P. S.—Don't forget the money. Fifty dollars will be about right.

SHIRT-TAIL

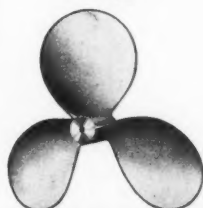
Here, it seems, the case of Liverpool Jarge must rest.



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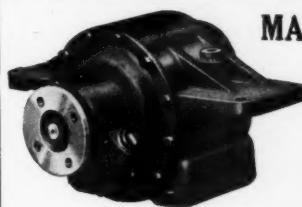
COLUMBIAN *Bronze* PROPELLERS

To some it may seem that the evidence of Mr. John Savage Shaghellion is unreliable,—that it must be taken with a grain of salt. And yet I don't know. John's manner was always that of a man telling the plain unvarnished truth. Anyhow he is dead and nothing more is to be had from him. Some weight should be given, it seems to me, to the fact that Shaghellion testified eight times to the passing of Jarge; and that only once did he admit that his friend might still be alive. That one admission was made under duress and coercion and may fairly be disregarded. If we believe Mr. Shaghellion, Liverpool Jarge is gone forever.

On the other hand, the letter from Boxfield has its points. It reads like the communication of a man who is in earnest; and on the off chance that Liverpool Jarge is still alive and within striking distance of Boston I should be the last one to express incredulity. There would be no percentage in it for anyone if Jarge got the brass knucks down from behind the clock and headed this way.

The fact is the destinies and the identities of both Liverpool Jarge and Mr. Shaghellion must remain more or less a mystery.

I rejoice that Mr. Shaghellion has gone to the Great Beyond. With the Bell in Hand closed and no malt liquor available to the poor he would have been very unhappy here. For like reasons and others, perhaps, it would be better to concede that Liverpool Jarge has passed to his reward. And yet,—and yet Jarge had, and perhaps has, rather more than a spark of immortality in his makeup. He stood the gaff for a long time. He always took his standing up; and I like to think that, come hell or high-water, his soul goes marching on.



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FRANK H. WOOD, Managing Editor.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 4th day of April, 1927.

BENJAMIN J. SELIG, Justice of the Peace.

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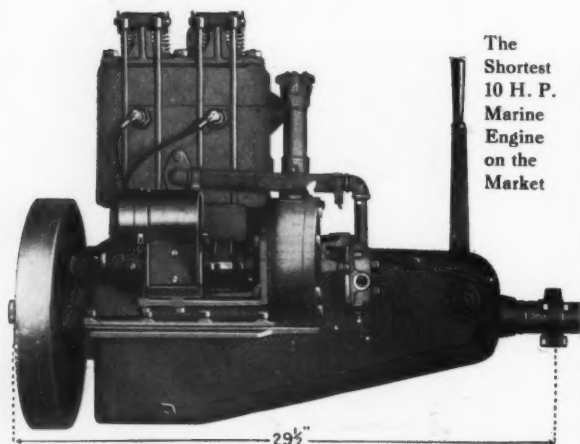
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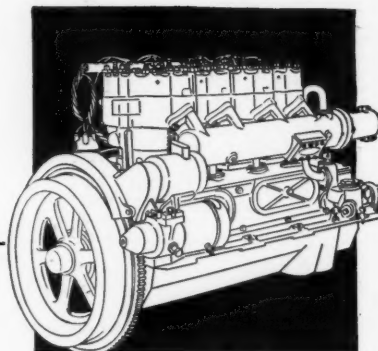
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That God should pity me.*

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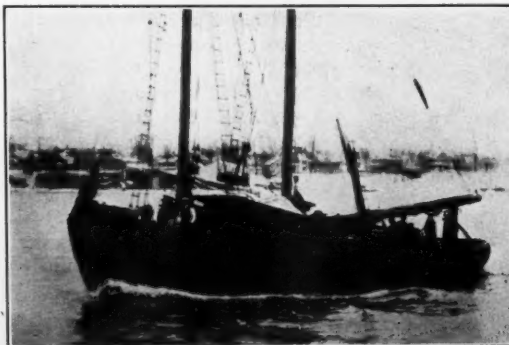
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